Genevra had returned from finishing school, this time to stay, and she sat down by the open window to face a certain problem which had been trying to confront her for some time, and now must be definitely settled. There was no more school, no more anything to do, only a future of eternal days with aunt and uncle, living as they lived, among the people they liked. Her eyes closed tragically, and tears forced themselves below the lashes.

She could see herself as she had come to them six years ago—plain Jennie then, a slight girl of twelve, dressed in cheap mourning, carrying all her worldly goods in two heavy traveling bags. From the little village to the great city Jennie had come alone; from the house of death to the abode of frivolity. And how the magnificence of her uncle's home had impressed her! With what awe had the small girl slipped into a spindle chair and gazed about her, while the manservant went to announce the new arrival to her aunt!

The room was much the same to-day as it was then—slippery floors, spotted with Oriental rugs, silken, lustrous, luxurious; damask-covered furniture, with wandering, golden legs and arms; the walls heavy with wide, gilt-framed paintings; the ornate ceiling; the frieze of Cupids, pink and plump, pursuing one another; here and there a marble statue; here and there a palm. And then, when her aunt had been heard coming heavily down the stairs, rustling at every step—when she had pushed aside the rose-colored drapery with one thick, white, bejeweled arm, and stood there a moment, very pink and very blue and very golden—when she had come in and greeted her kindly, affectionately, saying that she was not to be an orphan any longer, but their little girl, and that her name was to be Genevra!—

The young girl sat up hastily. They had been all that was good to her—or they had tried—and now duty demanded the response they asked—that she be as a daughter to them. She was anxious to be worthy of their generous affection at any cost, and it would cost! Tears flowed again. It meant the ending of all her girlhood friendships, for the girls she had met at school belonged to families that did not know Mr. and Mrs. Pilger—would not know them. Could she ever forget having brought her dearest chum home for a few holidays, and overhearing later the remark that the Pilgers were "hopelessly vulgar, you know, though you wouldn't expect it, to see Genevra!" That they were so she knew. All this would mean the spoiling of her young hopes, as she was beginning to realize.

At the sound of approaching silken-shrouded footsteps she rose quickly and began to take down her hair. Mrs. Pilger entered, big and blond and smiling, and Genevra kissed her warmly.

"Dressing for dinner, dear? I've got a great surprise for you to-night. No, I won't tell you anything about it. You'll see him at dinner time."

Laughing, her aunt went away, and Genevra clutched at the dressing table, shivering suddenly. Now it had come. They had invited to dinner the man who had been hanging for two years like a threatening cloud over her horizon. It must be Hopper, the young business partner of her uncle! She had never seen him, but could he be anything but horrible—the man who had said her aunt was the handsomest woman in New York; of whom her uncle spoke as a darned good fellow, an artist at concocting certain drinks, and the very devil with the women?

The preparation of her toilette for that dinner was the most sickening trial she had ever undergone; but it was nothing in comparison with the dinner. The guest of honor sat beside her, and murmured gallantries in her ear. He was big and sleek, with bold eyes and large laughter, affecting massive jewelry set with just a sufficient number of black pearls to throw the diamonds into greater contrast. The girl hardly dared trust herself to look upon the figure of her aunt, opposite, so vast and tumultuous was the expanse of bare whiteness above her green-blue gown, so myriad the colored gems that glowed amidst the diamonds on her shoulders, neck, and hair. Then when her uncle, who drank much wine and showed it in his eyes, slapped his wife coarsely on the shoulder, she flicking a few drops of water into his face in return, and they all laughed, Genevra felt that she should surely be consumed with hot humiliation.

The evening came to an end, with its good-humored merrymaking. Genevra had played and sung, and received the ensuing compliments with a modesty born as much of embarrassment as of nature. Mr. and Mrs. Pilger were pleased with their investment in her education. Mr. Hopper was pleased with her in every way. He had even remarked upon the beauty of her throat, to her unspeakable confusion. The last witticism had been laughed at, the last glance of pleased gratification exchanged, and after a fond good-night embrace from her aunt, a good-natured pat from her uncle, Genevra found herself in her room alone. She sank to her knees by the bedside, too anguished for tears, feeling hemmed in by horror.

Mr. Hopper's sentiments became quickly known. He sent masses of expensive flowers; bonbons enough to make a girl's boarding school happy. There were automobile trips when he followed them to their summer "cottage." In fact, his wooing would have grown very ardent had it not been for Genevra's unwavering refusal to go anywhere unchaperoned. As a consequence her aunt, rather reluctantly, accompanied them always. And surely her high spirits and fun made her a better companion for Mr. Hopper than his inamorita ever could have been.

When the fall season came and with the return to town, a merry-go-round of dinners, theaters, and dances, his continual escort became almost unbearable. Never was there an evening meal free from his presence. If they joined a party, Mr. Hopper had her in charge. If they dined privately, he was the fourth at table.

Yet, so far as his companionship was concerned, none other at hand would have been preferable. The women they knew were all of a type, elaborately coiffed, gorgeously dressed, perfumed, and the men their natural, masculine counterparts. Genevra writhed in a society which repelled her, fearing in any way to betray the repulsion.

And, worst of all, though nothing had been said, she knew that she was eventually expected to marry him. Just what she should do when the moment of the crisis came she would not even consider—the thought was too painful; but many an hour the girl spent alone, in the early morning, or, indeed, waking in the dark night, trying to devise a plan for earning her own living if an hour of compulsion should come.

One clear, cold Sunday morning dull unhappiness drove her out of the house before her uncle or aunt had arisen. People were coming to dinner and to remain all afternoon. There would be a little more wine than was necessary, high gayety and ragtime music. Partly to nerve herself for the coming day, partly to get away from her own introspection, Genevra walked far and fast. Returning, she passed a church of the same denomination that she had attended at school. The services were commencing, the sound of the organ swelled even to the street. A longing filled her heart, and she went in. Before she came out she had become a member of the congregation. Girls do such things quickly sometimes when the assistant pastor is young, alert, and skilled in the ways of women, and all this was the Rev. Arthur Grant.

Her action occasioned some surprise at home, but no disfavor. It was when she began spending week-day afternoons at the "settlement," as well as Sunday mornings at the church that Mr. and Mrs. Pilger made decided protest. Genevra heard their words without reply, and repeated them to the Rev. Arthur Grant, who listened, much disturbed at the thought of losing his pretty and capable assistant.

"If you go, Miss Genevra," he said, looking straight into her eyes, "we shall never find any one to take your place. You give more time and are more valuable than any of the other girls; in fact, you are the only one who really puts her heart in the work. And—the children are not the only ones who will miss you. There are—others will miss you, too."

He was a young man, and only assistant rector, and some things are hard to say.

"I will come anyway until Christmas," said Genevra, with determination. "I will make them let me stay that long. They will, I am sure. And afterward"—the thought choked her, and she turned away.

The time was short till Christmas, and Genevra lingered a little longer every day, while the young minister never failed to look in for a little while at least, to see how his charges were progressing, no matter how many other duties called him. It did his heart good to see this luxury-enwrapped young woman pour out such loving kindness to the swarm of children, mostly unclean, all affectionate, that clung to her and adorned her. It gave him greater faith in his own work, better courage for himself. And his heart ached to think that soon the settlement would know her ministrations no more. The time narrowed to two days. That afternoon he was slow in taking leave.

"Can you come all day to-morrow?" he asked. "I know it is asking so much of you to be here the day before Christmas, but no one could trim the Christmas tree like you. I don't know any one who would be such a help in getting things ready for the evening. And I do want the poor little rats to have the nicest Christmas, because it is their only one that you will have anything to do with."

"Do you want them to rejoice because I am going away?" she asked, smiling.

"Let them rejoice, if they will," he answered. "Children forget. It is we grown-ups who remember."

"Good-night," said Genevra, extending her hand, with a little sigh. "I will surely come all day to-morrow, because it is the last time, and I want to be all the help I can."

"No one will ever take your place," he replied. "Good-night—until tomorrow."

That day a very different scene had taken place in the business offices of Pilger & Hopper, when the latter had suddenly burst in, angry and heated out of all proportion to the weather.

"See here, Pilger!" he exclaimed hotly. "You've been stringing me long enough! It's no fault of mine that Gen and I haven't had an understanding long before this. I'll have one to-night, or know the reason why. And if it's that pup of a preacher, I'll smash in his face for him!"

"What are you talking about?" snorted her uncle, looking up with a pair of shrewd, little eyes.

"I know what I'm talking about, and you ought to know, too. The girl lives at his settlement house. Looking after the children? Children, nothing! She goes there to see him, and I don't like it. She'll take me to-night or leave me, that's all. I'm no fool for any girl to twist around her finger. She can have the preacher!"

"What do you say?" cried Pilger, turning purple with fury, and bursting into an explosion of profanity. "She'll marry you, or I'll know the reason why. Hopper, don't say a word to the girl this evening, and I will announce your engagement at the dance to-morow night. Leave it to me. Any time I see her thrown away on a preacher! Any time!"

The indignant suitor allowed himself to be persuaded to another day's delay, and the next morning dawned ominously for Genevra.

"Last day at the settlement, isn't it?" was her uncle's query, at the breakfast table. And his added words: "About time," forboded ill.

Mrs. Pilger's languid crossness at having her niece away all day made matters still more unpleasant, and Genevra was glad to escape into the open air. All the way to the Settlement House her brain mechanically repeated over and over, "the last day, the last day."

The children were not to come that afternoon, but to wait until the evening, and then, with their parents and the tree, have all the joys of Christmas Eve. So Genevra and Arthur Grant were practically alone all day. They hung the tree with glittering festoons and trimmed it with many candles, fastened on the presents all tied up in pretty parcels, arranged the last detail for evening and the work was done. Something else had been accomplished, too—a set determination in one young man's mind that neither wealth nor outside opposition should interfere between him and his heart's desire.

It was 6 o'clock, and Genevra was drawing on her gloves. "It is time for me to go," she said in a shaking voice.

He tried to speak what was crying for utterance from his lips, but could not.

"I—I hope the children will have a lovely time—and—I wish them all—and you—a very Merry Christmas——"

"Merry Christmas!" he exclaimed. "Merry for me, when I know you'll never be here again?"

Genevra had read somewhere about an astral body. She felt as if she were conscious of one now, and it was drawing out of her and wavering around her empty shell. She spoke without conscious hearing of what she was saying: "I hung a present on the tree for you——"

"Genevra," he said; "Genevra!" and almost crushed her little hands in his. "There's only one Christmas present that I want, and it isn't on the tree——"

The door opened, and Mr. Hopper walked in.

"Thought I'd find you here, Gen," he said blithely. "I came to take you home."

The veins knotted on Arthur Grant's fine forehead, and his mouth straightened into a hard line.

"We shall miss you this evening, Miss Genevra," he said. "Think of us when you are dancing. And wait one moment. Here is your Christmas present from the Settlement" (handing her an unexpected parcel). "Don't open it till morning. Merry Christmas and good night."

"Where?" Genevra turned smiling, "I'm going to deliver a Christmas present that wasn't hung on the tree."

"Thank you," said Genevra, almost inaudibly. "And good night."

The dance in her honor that evening goaded her almost to madness. Again and again she fled into another room, feeling that she must get away or scream. On one of these occasion Hopper followed her. Before she understood what was coming, he had grasped her tightly, and was imprinting kisses upon her lips, though she struggled frantically.

"Don't carry on so, Gen," he said. "You know I've been so gone on you for months that I haven't had a look for any other woman. Say you love me and we'll announce it to-night."

She wrenched herself free, tearing her flimsy gown, and gazed at him with quivering contempt, from head to foot. "Love you? I hate you, hate you, hate you!"

He turned on his heel with a bad light in his eyes, and walked out of the room, answering, "I guess that's no lie."

A few moments later her uncle came into the room seething with suppressed rage.

"Have you refused Hopper?" he demanded.

Genevra was now almost too excited for speech, but she managed to reply, "I have."

He raised his hand, and in it showed a little prayer book, bound in white leather, with clasp of gold. Instinct told her that it was her Christmas gift, not to be seen till morning. In a flash she saw the burning, shining tree, the faces of the children kindled with delight, and above them his face, pure and strong and kind. With a cry she leaped forward to snatch the book, but he held it from her.

"Is it on account of that pup?" he cried hoarsely. "Answer me!"

Her body shook with strangled emotion, but she made no reply.

"Is it? I say!" he demanded again, furiously.

She did not speak and he flung the little book forcibly into her face and strode out of the room. The blow stung, but she caught the volume and clasped it to her breast. It had been forced open, and on the fly leaf was one small, scrawling, penciled line—"I love you."

Bursting into little, inarticulate sobs and cries, she fell into the nearest chair, passionately kissing the insensible little book.

Her uncle raged into the room again.

"So that is the reason, is it?" he roared. "Take your choice this instant—throw that book into the fire, come out and announce your engagement to Hopper, or leave my house forever—to-night."

She looked at him curiously. His red, bald head, on which angry beads of perspiration glistened; the thick neck, swollen with wrath; the bloodshot eyes and merciless jaw; the wide area of white front with searchlight diamonds; all photographed itself permanently on her brain. Yet never had she felt so affectionately toward him as now.

"To-night?" she asked questioningly, almost as a child.

"Miserable little ingrate," he said, "I won't give you five minutes."

Genevra went into the dancing-room to find her aunt, ill-concealing wifely anxiety. The woman also impressed her picture memorably in the girl's mind, the too-gold hair, too-pink face; the tight and stony waist, deeply pointed and more than magnificently decollete; the changing light of many quivering jewels. Then she flung her arms around her aunt's neck, careless of the astonishment of beholders.

"You've been good to me, auntie, dear, and some day I'll try to repay you both—but not in the way you ask of me now. I'm so glad I can go. Good-by!"

She started out of the room, her astounded aunt hurrying after her as fast as very high heels would permit.

"Genevra! For heaven's sake don't go out at this time of night. Your uncle will forgive you. He doesn't mean to turn you away. Genevra! where are you going?"

"Where?" Genevra turned smiling, as she fastened a cloak over her filmy dress, the light of myriad Christmas trees shining in her eyes. "I'm going to deliver a Christmas present that wasn't hung on the tree."

The front door closed, and the last sound that floated to the straining ears of the woman within was a laugh of perfect joy.

WED ONLY FOR LOVE

Washington Scientists Advise Struggling Students.

That a man who can marry a woman with money is a man to be envied, is the general expression of Washington scientists, but that he should make a business of wedding his fortune is one upon which they do not agree, notwithstanding the statement of Prof. Edward Everett Hale, jr., of Union College, in which he advised scientists to marry money and be unhampered in their battles for scientific supremacy.

Prof. Hale's argument that young scientists could do better work if not worried by the sordid necessity of earning a living is a part of his utterance with which all the Washington men agree, but that the elimination of the sordid things can be accomplished only by wedding wealth is met with the answer that there is no "royal road to success any more than to knowledge."

Six men of scientific prominence in Washington have contributed their views on Prof. Hale's theory and they have as many ideas.

Prof. Paul N. Peck, assistant professor of mathematics in George Washington University, thinks a man should attain his fortune or competence first, and then wed to suit his heart, not his bank book.

Prof. Peck's Views.

"It seems to me," said Prof. Peck "that a married man cannot reach the position with the aid of a woman's money that he can by his own endeavors. A man should first win success, then marry when he can afford to do so. He should succeed unaided in his profession. Wealth would undoubtedly be a great help to him, but unless he can combine it with love, he should remain single. To any young man about to start out in life I should say; 'Do not make the wealth of any woman a stepping stone to your success.'

What Mason Thinks.

"'Do not marry money, but go where money is,' is the way Tennyson put it," said O. T. Mason, head curator at the National Museum.

"That is my idea, exactly," continued Mr. Mason.

"A scientist should not make himself a fortune-hunter, but a marriage between a man of brains and a woman of wealth would have its advantages. These would be two-fold; first, the wealth of the woman would enable the man to continue his studies in a manner which, without wealth, would be impossible, and in the second place, his position as a scientist would give the woman a social prestige she would otherwise have to forego.

"Look at the Geographic Society and the numerous literary societies of Washington. What better atmosphere could any woman get into than this? Would the scientist be benefited by the social prestige of the woman? Never. A true man, who is devoted to his profession, cares little for what fashion calls society.

"But as for a scientist having a small family, that is all foolishness," continued the professor, who evidently agrees with Roosevelt's anti-race suicide theory.

"Let a man have as large a family as he can raise. An only child is the most unfortunate creature on the face of the earth."

"End Is Divorce Court," Says Smith.

C. E. Smith, professor of Greek and Latin at the George Washington University, seemed to think such a marriage would not result in any great advantage to the professional man.

"Unquestionably, if such a marriage took place, the wife would be the 'boss,'" said he, "and the fact of her wealth would insure her a high social standing. From principle, of course, it is wrong. As one writer has put it, 'matrimony should never be a matter of money.' But aside from this phase of the question, the social functions at which the wife would preside, and at which she would undoubtedly insist upon the presence of her husband, would cost him far more in the end than any wealth he might derive from the marriage. You ask me what I think such a marriage would lead to. My answer is—to the divorce court."

Justice Gould Says "No."

A. M. Gould, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and one of the leading lights of the legal profession, also contributed to the general criticism.

"It seems to me," said Justice Gould, "that if a man of any profession should take unto himself a rich wife, all the ambition and enthusiasm he might have had in the pursuance of his chosen profession would become sluggish. Money takes the ambition out of men. The public libraries of to-day, which are open to the poorest man in the country, possess a collection of books on all subjects such as no man could hope to collect through his wife's fortune, however great it might be. If a man wishes to make a success of his profession, the worst mistake he could make would be to marry a fortune."

Calls Such Weddings a Farce.

"Marriage not based on a foundation of love is a farce," said Charles A. Douglass, a well-known criminal lawyer, "and no farce and fraud can bring real and true success. A man that marries a woman for her money degrades all the holy and beneficial results of marriage. A man ought to marry a woman from a sentimental point of view; because he loves her and because she loves him. Without this there will be no peace in the home, and no success outside of the home.

"Every really successful man's career is based on the inspiration he gets from his home life. No man ought to or will succeed if his marital relations are based on any other things than these. Every man, perforce, is a bread-winner and a success-builder. All he has any right to expect in the partnership of the married state from the woman he marries is constant affection, unfaltering devotion, good character, and intelligent economy. If he is so fortunate as to find all these qualities in one woman, he starts out in life a rich man. It is his fault, not hers, if he does not succeed."

Happiness.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Here is an old Georgia darky's definition: "Happiness crowin' lak a rooster fer daybreak, an' fool man tryin' ter cut his head off an' make chicken stew er him!"

MAKING CORN YIELD 150 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

REMARKABLE results in producing a heavy yielding species of corn have been attained by Prof. R. A. Moore, agronomist of the Wisconsin University's College of Agriculture.

Through a process of selection he has secured a crop yielding 150 ear bushels, or seventy-five shelled bushels, to the acre. If this process were applied to the entire crop of the country, an enormous increase in the corn production of the United States would be witnessed.

Value of the experimental work done by Prof. Moore along this line during recent years—he has been at it four years at least—is shown by the fact that grain from which such results have come is now being grown generally throughout Wisconsin. This year about 600 members of the Experiment Association have grown the corn in fifty different counties. Yields equal to and even greater than that at the college have been reported.

In carrying on the experiments looking to a greater corn production, Prof. Moore employed what is known as the "row" method. The species of grain used is called the Silver King, or Wisconsin No. 7.

When it is learned that the average yield reported last year by members carrying on experiments simultaneously with the college was 59.2 bushels (shelled) as against 49.2 bushels of any variety, and that another season of careful seed selection has pushed the yield up to seventy-five bushels, such experiments at once become of deep interest to the practical agriculturist.

For the seed corn of the next season Prof. Moore selects ears from the best stalks producing one good ear.

The selection is made just previous to harvesting, when a good opportunity is afforded to study the characteristics of the stalk as well as of the ear. These best ears are fire-dried and stored carefully away.

"In the growing season we carry on what is known as the 'ear' or 'row' test," said Prof. Moore.

Selecting Six Grains of Seed from each Good Ear.

A Field that Yielded 150 Bushels of Ears or 75 Bushels of Shelled Corn to the Acre.

"After selecting forty or fifty of the best ears, we plant in hills at a distance of three feet, eight inches apart, putting three kernels in a hill.

"Each ear plants a single row; the same number of kernels is dropped to the hill and the same number of hills provided to each row. The ear having the least number of kernels is planted first, and in using the other ears we plant the same number of kernels as in the first ear, discarding the extra ones.

"Of course, grains taken from different parts of each seed ear were tested before planting, and only those ears were retained for seed the kernels of which gave a perfect germination.

"When harvest time comes we gather the corn from each row separately and divide the product of that row into three separate piles.

"One pile contains the good seed corn from stalks producing but one fully developed ear; another contains the marketable feeding grain, while into the third pile go all the 'nubbin.'

"After this the corn in the first pile is gone over very carefully, and the best ears are selected for seed, the others being put with the marketable grain."

These experimental crops are grown on ground of uniform strength, which is given the same amount of fertilizing and the same attention in cultivation in every part. "By this process of selection," says Prof. Moore, "the No. 7 corn has been materially improved, and we are still looking for further improvement.

"I have also been establishing breeds of corn by cross pollination, but have not as yet succeeded in getting any corn that would surpass the Wisconsin No. 7.

"Wisconsin No. 8," he states, regarding the cross-breeding experiments, "is a very early yellow dent. We desired to breed a corn that would give a higher yield per acre, consequently took a large number of yellow corns that were later in maturity, but which were able to give better yields.

"We planted the various varieties in rows of equal length, but every alternate row was the No. 8 grain. Each row was planted with seed from a single ear, so that the progeny of any row represented the reproductive strength of the individual ear.

"Only the No. 8 rows were allowed to tassel, so that no silks in the field could be fertilized except from those No. 8 rows. This detasseling of the various rows began July 21 and was finished August 10.

Experiment Seems Successful.

"I have secured one good yellow variety from this experiment—a cross of the Wisconsin No. 8 on Toole's North Star. This has given an exceptionally good yield this year, but it will be necessary to breed it by straight selection for one or two years in order thoroughly to fix the type.

"I do not expect this cross-bred corn to exceed in yield the Silver King—Wisconsin No. 7—but I do think we can get it to reach maturity in the northern sections of our State, where the Silver King corn would not fully mature.

"Attention should be directed to the good work of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Association. This is an organization which was formed in 1901, and now has a paid-up membership of approximately 1,000.

"The members are restricted to farmers who have taken some course in the College of Agriculture, consequently we have a select class of farmers. We are now carrying on co-operation with these young men throughout our State. Last year's work was principally on corn and alfalfa.

"I feel confident that every State in our Union should have an active body of young farmers to aid in the dissemination of good grains; also in carrying on co-operative tests in breeding live stock and working in general for the advancement of agriculture."

Sidelights on Royalty.

The Czar has a habit of spending more time in his study than almost any other ruler in the world. The Czarina is always seated with him while he is at work in this room. In this respect he stands almost alone among great monarchs, as nearly all of them prefer to have women out of the way when they are immersed in the business of state in their own private rooms.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, whose fondness for music is well known, is probably the first prince of the House of Savoy, who has taken an interest in musical matters. His grandfather, Victor Emmanuel II, frankly detested music, and said when the cannon were roaring at the battle of Solferino, "That is the only music I have ever been able to appreciate." And his son, King Humbert, was much of the same opinion.

The Emperor of Japan draws a regular salary from the the treasury of $3,000,000, and out of this he is expected to pay the expenses of his household. His private fortune is not supposed to be used for the purpose of keeping up his state, and since the Emperor is of a frugal mind the sum answers its purpose fully.

One of the hobbies of the King of Belgians is building. King Leopold, who spends almost as much time out of his country as he does in it, has several residences, which he seldom or never visits, yet he is constantly adding to them. He has a fine palace in Brussels, but when within his own domains he prefers to spend his time in the country. His majesty is the richest monarch in Europe, so far as real estate is concerned.